WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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Ho, My Comrades.

Air: "Hold the Fort."

Ho, my comrades see the Price
Soaring to the sky!
Wages now are disappearing,
Bankruptcy is nigh!

Chorus:
"Hold the Fort, for I am coming
Jesus signals still;"
So the pious wowsers tell us
When we're feeling ill.

See the dividends advancing,
See the profits won,
Hear the long-haired preachers raving
While we're being done—

Chorus:
"Hold the Fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;"
Hear the answer mugs are giving
While on air they fill.

See the Jewnion Jack a-waving,
Hear the Members blow,
While we dine on junks of freedom
Or on "tea and to"—

Chorus:
"Hold the Fort, for I am coming
Jesus signals still;"
While the bosses from our labor
Mighty coffers fill.

Fierce and long the class war rages
But our help is near,
Socialism is our Saviur
Cheer, my Comrades, Cheer!

Chorus:
Hold the Fort, for it is coming,
Robbery to kill,
It will make of earth a heaven
You can bet it will.

The Prince of Peace 1900 Years Ago, And—Two of His Followers of To-day.

The Passing Show.

The "God of Battles" is still busy in Europe.

Satan must smile to see Jehovah doing his work so well.

Brute force rules, and Christian cannon roars in rejoicing.

The rattle of rifles and the cries of wounded workers is music in the ears of Christian capitalists.

Capitalist civilization has resulted in the present gigantic war. After the struggle it will be condemned at the bar of reason.

The capitalists hope that the present war will end the class struggle, but it will intensify it.

After the harvest of death and devastation millions will be disillusioned. They will see who are their real enemies. They will curse the warlords and hope for perpetual peace.

Europe is now being violently shaken. The people are being knocked together like dice in a box. When they fall out they will fall out shaken. Many of their ideas will be changed.

Nothing will be as solid as it was before. Title, privilege, and property will be reviewed, and discontent among the poor will be everywhere.

It will be the work of international Socialists to control that discontent and direct it to its great end—the emancipation of Labor from wage-slavery and war.

The longing for industrial self-government will not die on the battlefields of Europe. Though millions of soldiers are slain the spirit of industrial liberty will survive.

When capitalism is weakened by war, the spirit of revolt will Nemesis-like confront it. We hear little of it in the warlords' press, but it is dogging the footsteps of capitalism and biding its time.

We have been told much of the slaughter of soldiers and the misery of women, children, and old people, but we are told little of the antimilitarist demonstrations of Socialist and Unionist bodies in the countries at war. No protest is allowed to be heard against the martial despotism that tramples on free speech and a free press in Germany, Austria, and Russia. We have heard little of the noble mutinies and class-conscious treasons that are the glory of this war. The censorship of the press seeks to prevent the best news from coming to us, but it comes between the lines.

When Jaures was murdered it was thought that a great voice was silenced, but do not think, because you hear nothing to the contrary, that the message of Jaures and thousands like him is being forgotten by all the workers of Europe.

The message of the Socialist agitator will be repeated by soldiers in the camps of all armies. It will be repeated by the wounded in the hospitals, by the waiting mothers and children, by the widowed and fatherless. It will ring like a clarion call across all national boundaries, and drown every cry of racial prejudice: "Workers of the World, Unite; you have no quarrel with each other. Your quarrel is with your masters. Unite!"

Jingoism reduces all its victims to a dead level of imbecility. Here is Henri Bergson saying to the French Academy: "All the world knows that the struggle against Germany is civilization against barbarism." In an equally "scientific" mood, Haeckel and other German savants declare that "the interests of civilization require a German victory in the war." Scientific Socialsits know that real civilization requires that no nation shall be victorious in war. Militarism is the same in every country, and it can only be discredited by absolute failure.

An American Congressman wants a law to prohibit the return of workingmen who went back to Europe to fight. Such a law will hardly be necessary. Very few will ever return. It may be more necessary for America to protect herself against an influx of a banished horde of Kaisers, Czars, and political brigands.

"A German officer and several German soldiers who surrendered in the course of the fighting at Liege said that they did so because they were Socialists, and believed the aggression of Germany to be unjust."—English press item. Such distinguished conduct surely deserved more eulogistic mention.

One of the results of the war has been the adoption of the names of Belgian and French beleagured towns for babies at Christian christenings. Probably the women will be wearing Belgian blouses shortly—that is, if they don't wear red sashes in honor of a "Berlin Commune."

"The Germany of Goethe and Beethoven has not an enemy on earth. We have had enough of the Germany of Bismarck, which all the world loathes."—George Bernard Shaw. Yes, and we turn to Britain of the War Trust and the exploiting clergy; to Russia of the pogrom and the knout; and to France and Gallic "revanche."

"Germany," says Shaw, "is so important a factor in the work of civilization that we must aim finally at the conservation of her power, to defend her Russian frontier." Already the "next war" looms on the horizon of Shaw's fertile imagination. After the Allies have smashed Germany, they are to combine with her to have a go at Russia. What a fine prospect!

The Russia of Kropotkin, Dostvievsky, and Tschaikowsky has not an enemy in the world except, perhaps, in Russia. The Slavic genius is so important a factor in the work of civilization that we must aim finally to prevent each other from being fooled by the old capitalist trick of setting up this race or that as the enemy of civilization. The real enemies of civilisation are common in all nations, but they cannot be grouped under such names as Germans, French, Russians, Turks, English, Japanese, or Chinese. They are a band of international warmongers and industrial pirates.

The French are a practical people, but their most beautiful characteristic is that when they have an ideal they always try to do something for it. This was well illustrated just before Germany invaded France, when twenty-five thousand working people of Paris gathered on the Boulevards to protest against war. Shouting "Long live Peace," they picked up brickbats and laid out several policemen.

"The priests read the declaration of war, a Te Deum was sung for victory for the Russian arms, and their majesties venerated the holy cross and the ikon." Press dispatch from St. Petersburg.

"And now I commend you to God. Go to church and kneel before God and pray for His help for our gallant army." Emperor William.

This is how the mugs on both sides are sooled on to each other.

An attempt in England to boycott German and Austrian music has broken down—especially at religious gatherings. At an intercessory service the other day the congregation found themselves singing "Love Divine, All Love Excelling" to the tune of the Austrian National Anthem. Under the name of "Austria," or "Haydn's Hymn," this tune finds a place in most hymn books. All attempts to use the "Marseillaise" as a hymn-tune have failed. The great revolutionary tune absolutely refuses to lend itself to the church.

A Petrograd military expert states that there is every likelihood of the war lasting until next June. If it does, the Russian Government will be bankrupt, and England and France will be too poor to lend her any more miney to pay Cossacks to keep her revolutionaries quiet. There will be something doing then.

After French capitalists have lost the millions they lent Russia to shoot down her subjects and fight Germany, and able-bodied French workers are scarce, the latter will commence to dictate terms and—well, the class war will be waged with redoubled vigor.

"Labor leader Ryan showed up G. P. Barnes, of Warwick, in the Assembly the other day for speaking in favor of an amendment in the Agricultural Bank Bill and hoping the Minister would accept it, and then voting against it himself."—Brisbane "Worker." And while Labor leader Ryan thus amuses himself, G. C. Thompson languishes in Goodna Asylum.

We have often been told that "money talks," but in the present war it is roaring with heavy guns.

While the mugs of Queensland are going away to fight Germans, the sharp gentlemen in office are enjoying themselves in Brisbane, and grabbing the loot. A little while ago the aldermen paid £1,350 for a bosker motor-car for themselves with the city's cash. £5,000 was handed over to the Patriotic Fund.

When Austria's population of Bohemians, Poles, Magyars, Roumanians, Slovaks, Croatians, Serbs, Slovenians, Ruthenians, Russians, Italians, and Germans gets tired of defending Teuton "civilization and culture" something will surely happen. As the unexpected generally hapens, it may be that the revolution will confront the ruling class of Austria.

When the Socialists of Germany succeed in proving that the working class is getting the worst of it, and that there is no possible chance of their getting anything by fighting for the capitalists any longer, they will probably refuse to be fooled any more by their real enemies—the ruling capitalist class.

When the business end of the British lion is busy on the Continent of Europe, and the revolutionary element in all parts of the Empire is twisting his tail, his roars will scare the plutes into fits.

While the warlords of Germany were working up the war, the Socialists collected evidence of nearly 40,000 cases of official cruelty practiced upon young soldiers. If these young soldiers are now in the army with thoughts of revenge in their minds the death-rate amongst officers will be large and propaganda against the warlords plentiful.

The present war is a gambler's war and the stake is power—power to exploit the workers. Whichever side wins, it is certain that Labor will lose—unless it should provoke and precipitate the revolution, in which case the gains would be beyond man's powers of computation.

Racial animosity the world over is only disguised animosity against an economic rival. The worker who is fooled by it is at the mercy of those who seek to rob him.

There is in the average man a vague suspicion against a man who is born in another country, but it is a survival of a more ferocious age—a blind unreasoning impulse to do him an injury. It is the work of the class-conscious international to enlighten the average man and get him to abandon his racial prejudices.

Let us drop the race cant forever and expose the preachers of it. Let us not forget that there are pleasant-hearted people of the Rhine, who are fighting in the class war with us against archaic rulers and intellectual lackeys who have come down to us from the slavery of bye-gone days.

The Kaiser is undoubtedly a great fighting man. Besides being the head of the German army and navy, he is an Admiral in the British and Russian fleets, as well as of those of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Greece. He also holds various positions in Austria and Spain, and is a Colonel in the British Army. His most loyal subject wouldn't know him if he was to put on all the uniforms he is entitled to.

While the Australian worker keeps repeating "Preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace," Laborites are rushing to the front and "our navy" is annexing "German possessions."

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," so runs the favonrite proverb. This proverb is an heirloom from the days of small production, when the fate of every single bread-winner, at worst that of his family also, depended upon his own personal qualities. To-day the fate of every member of a capitalist community depends less upon his own individuality, and more and more upon a thousand circumstances that are wholly beyond his control.—Kautsky.

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War is not an art, and luck alone decides the fate of battles. With two generals, both blockheads, face to face, one of them must inevitably be victorious.—Anatole France.

Capitalist prosperity: low wages, high prices, and increasing profits.

"It Had To Be."

Mr. Sidney Whitman, author of "Reminiscences of Prince Bismark" and "Imperial Germany," has an article in the "Fortnightly Review" on the war. The article is headed "It Had To Be," and in it the writer traces the history of Germany's relations with the rest of Europe during the past quarter of a century, and also throws some light on the outcome of Germany's foreign policy.

Bismarck used to complain that his successors were chipping off bits of the building which he had devoted his life to erecting, and his grumbling finally led to open rupture with the Emperor who assumed control of his country's foreign policy.

The great Chancellor looked with grave misgivings on the Emperor's advances to Austria. He was afraid that William's impulsiveness would lead him to compromise Germany and allow her to be made a catspaw to bolster up Austrian interests.

"This fear," says Whitman, "we have now seen realised, for there can be no doubt whatever to-day that what set the ball rolling was, in the main, due to Count Berthold feeling sure that it was now or never with Austria in her struggle with Slavdom, and that he had got impulsive William behind him when he delivered his ullimatum to Servia."

Bismarck foresaw that Russia and France would most likely combine against Germany in any complication with Austria, but he never imagined that Great Britain would join with Russia. Emperor William appears to have held the same view, but he lacked Bismarck's deep sense of the mighty difficulties that would confront Germany the moment she decided to share Austria's burden. William has rushed in where Bismarck feared to tread, and the student of international affairs will wonder why he was permitted by a cultured and highly intelligent people to do so.

Various explanations and suggestions have been made in attempting to account for Germany's action in getting behind Austria, but the only possible explanations is to be sought in a discovery which was made some sixty years ago by Marx and Engels.

These two writers in their materialist interpretation of history furnished the Key not only to past historical events but to present diplomatic affairs and international complications.

In applying this Key to the apparent paradox, of an enlightened and cultured nation like Germany assuming a large share of the political difficulties of Austria, the influence of material economic interests can be traced and elucidated.

The economic interests of the Austrian beaurocracy have been assailed by a working class composed of various races for many years past. The beaurocracy has failed to maintain its rule by the usual methods, and has been steadily losing ground. The beaurocrats of Germany have been keenly alive to the danger to themselves which working-class success in Austria constituted, and have been impelled to make common cause with the members of their class in that country.

The whole trouble is the outcome of economic warfare between the workers and the master class. The latter saw Revolution coming and plunged into war to divert the current of revolutionary thought. That is why "It had to be."

For Liberty.

England, the arch hyocrite among nations, has linked up with the foulest and most re-actionary Government that ever cursed humanity. England, the country that boasts of her democracy, joins forces with a nation whose past and present history is sullied with the murder, maiming and torturing of thousands who sought to secure a little of that blessed democracy. From the Fortress of Peter and Paul, from Oral's torture chamber and Siberia's icy living tomb come cries of passionate protest against the pro titution of liberty. How hypocritical are the smug sycophants and crowling courtiers who hum round the collar-bones of a king when they speak of England's love of liberty. Was it not England's money a d support that crushed and destroyed the efforts of Russian revolutionaries in 1905? Was England's affection for liberty pure when she bargained with Ru sia over the "sphere of influence" in Persia? Did not England blast the hopes of Persian revolutionaries when she condoned the action of Russia's Cossacks in destroying Persian freedom? When the true history of the past few years comes to be written and the secret pages of intriguing diplomacy laid bare, England's professed pure love of liberty will be seen to be nought but the sensual lust of a roué.

Fifty years ago, when industrial capital reigned, Russia was the enemy. England ever seeking new markets, found herself up against the stagnant feudalism of Russia. Now the financial magnates sit on the throne of power. Millions of their money is invested in Russia and Co; that re-actionary force is our (?) ally.

Industrial Germany, growing, expanding, seeks an outlet for her heaping commodities. Interests clash. The sword is unsheathed and in the name of liberty and for the love of the Fatherland, her sons are called to sacrifice their lives on the altar of profits. And what of France—the land of liberty, equality and fraternity? Shortly after the Russian revolution she was asked by Czarism for a loan. Some of her brightest sons pointed out that such a loan would only bolster up re-action and bring the workers under the heel of the Czar's bloody government. What was the response? Gold! Gold! Gold!

Where hangs the sign of the three golden balls no sweet flower of liberty blooms for the atmosphere is vitiated by the foul gases arising in mammon's den. There callous greed stalks, deaf to widow's woes, exiles' sigh, or prisoners' protestations. From Greed's eyes there shines no softening light, but only fierce gleams flash born of a devouring desire. The gold of France was freely given (for a percentage) to aid in a remorseless crushing of liberty's awakened hopes. A vile vacillating Czar took hold of the people's representatives and thrust them into a living grave. Can we conjure up the thoughts of those brave men of the first and second Duma as fettered they sat in jail or passed on to their snow-bound Siberian sepulchre? Did they think of France's immortal revolutionary hymn:

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Did they recall the march of those "Reds of the Midi" from Marseilles who brought life to the flickering flame of revolution? If so, what emotion was theirs when they realised that the mother, from whose womb had sprang such rebels, now spawned an insatiate mob of financiers whose only cry was gold and still more gold. England, France and Russia fighting side by side for liberty!

England's shady past disproves. France's financial scheming denies it, and Russia's fettered victims refute it. Fighting for liberty! It is a lie!

GEE BEE.

Some wrongs are so old that many people out of respect for old age have come to regard them as rights.

Women and Giving.

Have the women of Sydney thought at all about the result of this unquestioned 'patriotic" giving to war funds, Belgian funds, British poor relief funds and all other cadging things so popular among women at present? Wherever big concerns (including the Labor Government) have given largely, there has followed, as night the day, either the discharge of a certain number of employees, or the system of compulsory holidays with pay docked for the staff of workers.

When society ladies have gotten up Red Cross centres instead of tango teas, their invitations have been issued to workers. It is the women who know how to work sewing machines and knit useful garments who are asked to send in the work, or come to the work-room and sew and knit while the "committee" takes the duties of superintending affairs—very necessary, no doubt, but not exactly strenuous.

So, if you grant that it is the working people who are actually the givers of all this war collecting, will you go a step further with me and consider whether we should not be well-advised to consider the claims of our own destitute before going further afield?

While the good ladies are rushing forward to adopt Belgian, French, German and Japanese children, whose fathers have been killed in battle, what about those Surry Hills orphans whose father was cut in half by a train at Ashfield? Or those little ones whose father went mad with the misery of his single-handed fight against the allied forces of ill-health and poverty, and forgetting all the glories of sunshine and stream, wattle blossom and sunset splendor, opened for himself the door into the unknown?

What of those 200 "too old to work" women who are living such lives of luxury on the Government pension of 10s. per week that last month they enlisted at a registry office and got drafted into the long line of "physically unfit"?

What about that mother whose "man," sick unto desperation of the monotony of "all work and no play" has enlisted with the Expeditionary Forces and left her to face life with three children and an unborn babe on a soldier's half-pay?

The popular heart is cold toward these things—you are tired of the same old cry, and you muffle your ears and turn your eyes the other way when some truth of these local "needs" is forced before you.

The men who, day after day, keep the wheels of your ordinary life revolving, the stokers, engineers, brick-layers, wharf-laborers, carpenters, and artificers generally who make your civilization possible, are not so picturesque a horde to the average imagination as is that "thin red line" of life which held back the Germans in Belgium and France.

Neither does the every-day suffering of not quite enough to eat, nor proper clothes to wear, nor cleanly place in which to sleep, nor a safe place in which the children can play, seem half so important to the general public as "war relief, because the general public has become quite accustomed to the knowledge of ordinary brain-starving, body-killing poverty, while the war devastation is something new.

And that is why I want the women of Sydney to do their British-Belgian charity calmly and dispassionately, and while giving what assistance they can to the sufferers in Europe, not to forget that any united effort on the part of society could within a twelve month sweep away the reproach of helpless poverty from this fair land of ours.

JENNISKOTT.

Socialism is neither an aspiration of angels, nor a plot of devils. Socialism moves with ite feet firmly planted on the ground, and its head not lost in the clouds. It takes Science by the hand, asks her to lead, and goes whithersoever she points. It does not take Science by ths hand, saying, "I shall follow you if the end of the road please me." No. It takes her by the hand and says: "Whithersoever thou leadest, thither am I bound to go." The Socialists, therefore, move as intelligent men. We do not mutiny because, instead of having wings, we have arms, and cannot fly as we would wish.

We Socialists are not Reformers; we are Revolutionists. We do not propose to change forms. We care nothing for forms. We want a change of the inside mechanism of society; let the form take care of itself. We see in England a crowned monarch; we see in Germany a sceptered emperor; we see in America an uncrowned president; and we fail to see the essential difference between Germany, England, or America. That being the case, we are sceptics as to forms. We are like grown children, in the sense that we like to look at the inside of things and find out what is there.—Daniel de Leon.

Whenever a man owns more wealth than he has produced, it is safe to say he owns wealth some other man has produced and did not get. Is this right?

Topical Tattle.

A "Herald" correspondent hints that, should the government decide to fix a price for potatoes, the same as for wheat, owners of potato-growing land should refrain from putting in crops. Were such a puerile suggestion put into effect, the foolish growers would simply be cutting off their noses to spite their faces.

It is understood that, for the present, at any rate, only workmen employed by the Government are to be eligible as tenants for the canvas houses to be erected by the Government. Why the discrimination? Are the rest of the communis populi of no account, only when their vote is almost frantically begged at election times?

Through all the ages, strenuous efforts have been made to stifle free speech. Not long ago we had history repeating itself in Brisbane. The suppression of the Socialist paper "Vorwaerts" is still another attempt to tie the tongue of Free Speech—which must, and will, continue to perform its office.

Each year Australia must find seven millions sterling for outside creditors. We may yet be thankful that the war has legroped our Labor squanderers. Our champoin borrowers have taxed and borrowed to the full, and in a time of adversity the only help they can give the deluded workers is to reduce their earnings.

Meanwhile, the Labor Press chants the virtues of these patrons of Uncle Gobi balls. When will the people use their own eyes, and refrain from relying on those of others?

The plute papers support Liberalism; Labor (?) organs, Labor. Neither side is genuine, hence we have party and machine politics. Liberalism is rotten; Labor is fast decaying into rottenness; Socialism now steps into the breach—isn't it worth a trial?

If all men were honest with each other, none would be wealthy.

It was recently cabled that the Royal family would live modestly during the war. Boiled down, this means that expenses have been reduced. As the expenditure of money makes the mare to go more than ever at a time like this, Royalty is showing a nice way how to make the said lady horse drop dead.

"The shells explode to feet above the ground, and spread missiles over an area of 100 yards by 30, often killing a whole row of entrenched men." Such is the height to which human invention has attained!

Thus the "Herald": "One of the most friendly critics of the Australian workman has described him as the only workman in the world who has no other ideal than ease and comfort." The lie direct is given this statement by the Boneheads already gone, and going, to war. If these workingmen-warriors pursued no ideal other than ease and comfort they wouldn't become sodgers, and accept the hardships of a soldier's profession.

F. M.

War Trust Profits.

If many industrial undertakings will inevitably lose heavily during the war, the companies engaged in the building of war vessels or the manufacture of heavy ordnance and small arms will undoubtedly make large profits. The feverish activity that has prevailed in Army and Admiralty circles for many months has already been reflected in the earnings of concerns of this description, and most of them recorded a considerable increase in revenue during the last season. During the year ending June, 1914, the profits of the members of the Armament Trust were as follows:—

Armstrong, Whitworth, & Co.,	£690,000
Beardmore &Co.	164,000
Birmingham Small Arms Co.	199,000
Brown & Co.	378,000
Cammel Laird & Co.	153,000
Swan, Hunter and Thornycrofts	302,000
Vickers Ltd.	912,000
Total Profits	£2,787,000

The profits in 1913 were £2,511,000, or a total for the two years of £5,298,000.

Dr. Liebknecht, the famous Socialist member of the German Reichstag, during the course of an address in that Chamber in May last, said that at least £25,000,000 was invested in the German armament industry. Krupps, he declared, was a firm in which many high officers and officials were interested, as they were interested in shipbuilding and armor-plate firms. He declared that an international ring existed for the supply of explosives, under the leadership of a British firm.

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The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists.

A Remarkable Book.

Reviewed by LUKE JONES.

We are not often privileged to read, in the form of fiction, a really useful book for propaganda purposes. We have read much of the stuff that claims to be "Socialistic" Advanced," etc., but too often we have failed to discover anything worth the while, and sometimes we were forced to confess that the authors would have done Socialism a great service if they had never lifted their pen in its cause. Therefore we had "our doots" about this latest attempt to "novelise" Socialism. Probably, we thought, the work of some bourgeois dilettante who had kindly unburdened his or her soul of the torments in an endeavour to convert snobocracy to a more sympathetic and brotherly feeling towards the "lower orders."

But as we opened the book we were conscious of surprise for reading the preface we learned that it "came from the pen of Robert Tressell, house-painter and sign-writer, who recorded his criticism of the present scheme of things, until, weary of the struggle he slipped out of it." Gaining courage from this statement we dived into what ultimately proved to be an excellent literary effort, redolent of sweat and paint, biting with sarcasm and bitter veiled invective deep into the bowels of working-class life until the unwholesome stench of capitalist society rises like a mist, reflecting the sceptres and ghouls which, in this enlightened age, form the units of present-day society. The lot of the workers is mirrored by the writer with a strange and cynical semi-burlesque. The sharp silhouette of the grim figures presented by the author stands out with almost weird reality against the horizon of life. Amidst the darkness and uncertainty of the workers' life we here and there discern a gleem of sunshine, a shout of joy, barely born before it is nipped in the bud and rudely trampled underfoot. Again, the laugh of a child is heard, mingled with the agonised groans of the human wreckage too old for further exploitation, broken on the wheel of industry, and now, drifting down the stream of time to find haven in the workhouse. This book is peopled with human beings *as they are—not as they should be.* Men and women acting in the arena of life, clothed in the garb of truth with ne'er a tall, handsome, black-moustached young aristocrat riding to hounds; with no palpitating Lady Goosegog pining for a glimpse of his broad back. The woes of love-born maidens and the exploits of dashing cavalry officers have been forgotten by Robert Tressell, but he has achieved great things.

Let him show you the inside of an old house that is being renovatad for a local bigwig. The scene will readily commend itself to working-men as the Elysium of their dreams.

"The air was full of the sound of hammering and sawing, the ringing of trowels, the rattle of pails, the splashing of water brushes and the scraping of stripping knives. It was also heavily laden with dust and disease germs, powdered mortar, lime, plaster, and the dirt that had been accumulating within the old house for years. In brief, those employed there might be said to be living in a Tariff Reform Paradise—they had Plenty of Work."

Who will not recognise the "dignity of labor" here. Where is the working-man who cannot multiply this scene by hundreds and in them read the best part of his lifes history. The workers are shown in the act of creating profit for the master-class under the actual conditions of present times. Our Author makes them speak like human beings; he depicts them as they are working in their homes ?, at their "beanos," in the boozing shops, going slowly down the abyss that leads to the workhouse and premature death, all the time unconscious of and pitiably apathetic to their miserable lot. During the meal times, on the job, he reveals with keen insight and deplorable truth the absolute illiteracy and blank ignorance. One can hardly realise that men are so hopelessly lost to their own interests; so blind to the realities of life, so careless of themselves and children as, Frank Owen, the central figure of the book finds them. Yet it is so. Owen is a Socialist. His mates consider him as belonging to a species of lunatics. Nevertheless they cannot help dragging him into any argument which arises during the meal time. These arguments are generally Socialistic and Owen easily scores off his mates who eventually end the argument by a silly joke or sneering remark anent the impossibility of altering things in "their time." Listen! they are discussing the cause of poverty.

"Early marriages is another thing." said Slyme, "no man ought'nt to be allowed to to get married unless he's in a position to keep a family."

"How can marriage be a cause of poverty?" said Owen, contempuously. "A man who is not married is living an unnatural life. Why don't you continue your argument a little further and say that the practice of eating and drinking is the cause of poverty, or if people were to go barefoot there would be no poverty ? The man who is so poor that he cannot marry is in a condition of poverty already."

"What I mean," said Slyme, "is that no man oughtn't to marry till he's saved up enough so as to 'ave some money in the bank; an' another thing, I reckon a man oughtn't to get married till 'e's got a 'ouse of 'is own. It's easy enough to buy one in a building society if you're in reg'lar work." At this there was a general laugh.

"Why, you bloody fool," said Harlow scornfully, "most of us is walkin' about 'arf our time. It's all very well for you to talk; you've almost a constant job on this firm. If they're doing anything at all you're one of the few wot gets a show in. And another thing," he added with a sneer, "we don't all go to the same chapel as old Misery."

"Old Misery" was Rushton and Company's manager or walking foreman. "Misery" was only one of the nick names bestowed upon him by the hands; he was also known as "Nimrod" and "Pontius Pilate."

"And wot about drink?" demanded old Joe Philpot suddenly.

"'Ear, 'ear," cried Harlow, "that's the bleedin' talk. I wouldn't mind 'avin' 'arf a pint now, if somebody else will pay for it."

And so the various phases of life are discussed in the naked unvarnished language of the working man, with such skill and yet in so truly lifelike a manner that the reader cannot fail to grasp the main points of Socialist philosophy be his intellect ever so meagre. We will stand by it that even a Bishop or a Labor Member could learn from a book like this, so plainly is the case put.

Not only does the writer dispose of arguments against Socialism in a lucid and convincing style, that is not excelled even by G. B. Shaw, but he presents characters which are so true to life that one has no trouble in fitting the cap on numerous acquaintances. There is "Nimrod" otherwise "Misery" and "Pontious Pilate" worthy of the pen of a Dickens or Hugo. One can almost feel him creeping round the corner on tiptoe with the eternal growl of the slave driver on his lips. "Is this all you've done?" or sneaking up the road approaching the house, keeping to the near side so that his head cannot be seen by those working round the house. His life is consecrated to the two and a-half per cent. he receives on all work done by the firm. This is his Alpha and Omega. And like your true creature of capitalism he is religious, and a pillar of the church. A wonderful and detestable creature is this creeping, psalm-singing, God-fearing, profit-grinding bones hack. The world is full of his kind. He is the very incarnation of all that is mean, hypocritical, and little. No other age has produced his equal. He is the ideal type of foreman—the peculiar and exclusive product of Capitalism.

There are departures from the type depicted by the writer, just as there are variations in biology, but Hunter, alias Misery, etc., is the classic foreman of capitalism. He is worthy of a place in the gallery that contains Mrs. Grundy, Stiggins, and Pecksniff.

We are tempted to quote again, but no—why spoil a good thing, for the reading of this book is a literary treat. The writer has done his work well. To write a book like this is to find a place among the gods; it is to attain immortality. That the writer understood his class is plain right from the opening chapter. He shows such a knowledge of their psychology, reaching right down into the very roots of their mental being that one would marvel at it were it not for the fact that he was one of them. Only a working man could present the case for Socialism and meet the objections thereto in the manner of the author. Only a working man could reveal the lives and conditions, the sorrows and joys, the humor and passions of the workers as Robert Tressel, sign-writer and house-painter, has done. More will be accomplished for the Socialist movement through this book than has been achieved by all the middle-class "intellectual, quasi-scientific tomes of Wells, or the Fabian-inspired plays of Shaw. We are not given to prophesying, but will venture to predict a great future for this book. If the publishers know their business they will soon offer a cheaper edition, and secure a record circulation. All Socialists should read the book and then pass it on to non-Socialist friends. The man who is not convinced about the necessity of Socialism and the rotten-ripeness of things to-day by reading this book requires the lethal chamber.

Robert Tressell has left his mark upon the scroll of time, and we are sorry "he slipped out of it" so soon. But in spite of the hopelessness of the workers as the author sees them, one fact is made clear: there is yet hope for the class that produced such a man as Robert Tressell. It will pay you to read this book.

Price 3s. 6d. from this office, posted 2d. extra.

A system of society which can only be continued by an occasional war to kill off its superflous workers and fatten its parasites is about ready for the undertaker.

THE SIXTH CRAFT UNION MEETING.

For the "International Socialist."

(By K. N. Pepper.)

(Continued)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
Is the resolution's carried—
The Bloke:
You'll be foremost in the field!
(Cheers.)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
(You should bellow in the field with brother ox!)
Tho' our forces may be harried
They will never, never yield.
If our girls
The Bloke:
Pare privates' corns, and darn their sox! (Laughter.)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
If our maidens, I was saying,
Cheer our daring captains on,
And encourage nervous conscripts with a wink
They'll be dauntless in their slaying:
And each modest Amazon
Will invite
The Bloke:
Her lovers all to "avadrink!"
(Applause.)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
Yes, invite the admiration
Of the wonder-stricken earth
For the genius who first conceived the thought.
('Twas celestial inspiration
To a man of priceless worth)—
3rd Socialist:
From the hot infernal regions it was brought!
(Applause.)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
'Twas divinest inspiration
That when fighting foods are shot
Girls should bandage and arrest the ruddy flow!!
Findley merits admiration
And should never be forgot—
3rd Socialist:
When he landed here an imp was missed below!! (Laughter.)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
Ev'ry loyal Australasian
Should bestow his warmest thanks
On the "patriot" who moved that girls should train
To protect us from invasion;
And his honored name now ranks
With such men as—
3rd Socialist:
Judas, Fisher, Hughes, and Cain!!
(Laughter.)

2nd Lib. Jingo:
When the planet's crust is broken
By a clashing comet's tan,
And the atmosphere becomes a seething flame,
Then the final word that's spoken
By the last surviving man,
Will be Findley's great, imperishable name!!!
(Applause.)

Senior Cadet:
Mr. Chairman fellow members
I'm a senior cadet;
If in order there is something I would say
But my temples burn like embers—
(I have never spoken yet
And I'm rather)
Chairman:
Don't be frightened! blaze away!
(Cheers.)

Senior Cadet:
I am rather apprehensive,
But I'll do my level best
To defeat the motion now before the lodge;
Tho' my learning's not extensive
3rd Socialist:
Bravo, lad!
Senior Cadet:
I do detest,
What the mover calls the "Amazonian dodge!"
(Applause.)

I've a sister and a brother
Pure as God can make a man;
We were nurtured in a home of peace and love;
I've a father and a mother
(Nearing man's allotted span),
Who have taught us to aspire to realms above!

Purest flow'rs of love and pity
They implanted in each heart,
And with sweet parental pleasure watched them grow;
Wise instruction, bright and witty,
'Twas their purpose to impart,
That true principles of living we should know.

They instructed us to smother
Ev'ry weed of vice and crime
That was growing in the garden of our souls;
To esteem each man a brother,
Notwithstanding race or clime,
And claim kinship with all men from pole to pole! (Applause.)

To develop minds angelic,
And act nobly on Life's stage;
To be civil, unaggressive, and humane;
To regard a flag a relic
Of a brutal, savage age,
And to fraternise with German, French or Dane!! (Cheers.)

To revere the name of Jesus;
From His pathway not to stray;
To abstain from mental filth and mortal strife;
To remember One Who sees us
In our actions
2nd Lab. P. Jingo:
Let us pray!
(Laughter, and cries of "Shame!")
3rd Socialist:
You've been preying on the workers all your life! (Applause.)

Senior Cadet:
Findley now would force my sister
(Tender, sensitive and shy),
To assist in blasting workers into dust.
3rd Socialist:
May his hide in Hades blister!! (Cheers.)
Senior Cadet:
And the mover, too, would try
To defile her—
3rd Socialist:
They're the agents of the Trust!
(Applause.)

Senior Cadet:
Should a worker let his daughter
Be compelled to shoulder arms,
To destroy a brother-worker or his child?
To participate in slaughter,
And endure war's alarms,
Or with military filth become defiled?
(Cheers.)

Is a jingo law does violence
To diviner laws of God,
Should a conscript to his conscience not be true?
Should he sink his soul in silence
To the level of the sod,
And his fingers, in a brother's blood, imbrue?

Should we sacrifice religions
To enrich thugs, kings, and czars;
Should we murder those, like us, compelled to war?
Or be sacrificial pigeons
On the altar-fires of Mars
To enrich the Trust, with garments rolled in gore? (Cheers.)

Should a Christian conscript trample
On commandments of his God?
('Tis a question ev'ry soldier must decide),
Should he follow Christ's example—
Walk the pathway that He trod—
Or His principles and practices deride?

I will boldly bid denance
To this "Labor"-Jingo Act,
And shall never learn to murder, or to drill!
I repose my whole reliance
On God's promises, intact,
And obey His stern command, "Thou Shalt Not kill!"

I would surely be a duffer
To preserve my coward life,
By denying Christ when Fisher's rooster crew!
I intend, therefore, to suffer,
To abstain from gory strife,
And obey Jehovah's law not Fisher's new!!

Ere my principles I'd barter
And deserve the brand of Cain,
Or see sister fouled by military dross,
I shall perish like a martyr
(That no blood our souls shall stain),
And be crucified upon a "Labor" cross!!!
(Loud applause.)

3rd Socialist:
Mr. Chairman I have listened
With agreeable surprise
To the sermon of our clever young cadet;
It's no wonder he was christened
Daniel Lionel Deize!
He'll "deil" the jingo Labor Party yet!!
(Applause.)

He has knowledge and devotion
Far beyond his tender age;
He has courage his religion to avow!
He has paralysed the motion
Like Demosthenes the sage;
Lest war's gory filth besmirch his sister's brow!
(Cheers.)

I'll denounce each "Labor" twister
(With my latest, dying breath),
Who'd coerce that boy to fratricidal strife;
I'll protect his gentle sister
From curst Warfare's shameful death—
2nd L. P. Jingo:
Now be careful, or I'll tell your jealous wife!
(Laughter.)

3rd Socialist:
I'll be careful not to mention
Your escape from Bathurst jail
Or reveal that sportsmen kicked you off the course,
That you "pinched" a blind man's pension,
Drink "refreshments" from a pail!
Whilst your starving wife is suing for divorce!!
(Uproar.)

O! If ev'ry young Australian
Would defy the Jingo pack!
And refuse to be employed to shoot us down!
Or to murder any alien
Who possesses skin that's black,
Or assassinate a man who's red or brown!!

Then our "Absent Minded Beggars,"
(As the Jingo Kipling sang)—
Single Taxer:
They'd be absent legged beggars if they fell!
The Bloke:
Handy Andy's wooden-leggers!
3rd Socialist:
They'd defy his Jingo gang
And be absent-bodied beggars then as well!!!
(Loud laughter.)

If cadets were all Deizes
When the British Empire calls
And the "Labor" Jingo command them to "advance,"
And secure the glory-prizes
With their bodies stopping balls,
They would stop vice-regal balls, where jingoes dance. (Applause.)

If they're called to San Domingo
To bepaint the island red
Or get busy "wiping something off a slate,"
They would tell each "Labor" Jingo
That the only blood they'd shed
Would be gravy on a steak and onion plate!
(Laughter.)

When the drill-halls lie in ashes—
Second Labor P. Jingo:
Well, they haven't burnt them yet!
Third Socialist:
No! such actions would be very far from right!
He'd deserve a hundred lashes
Who'd suggest to a cadet
That those Jingo temples should be set alight!

If the drill-halls were in ashes
(I intended to remark),
It would burden Handy Andy's heart with care,
He would weep, with flesh in gashes
Clad in sack-cloth, in the dark,
And to Heaven would direct this Jingo prayer:

O Thou vengeful God of battles,
On the Socialists look down!
Overwhelm with a tidal wave, or flood!
For their most impious prattle
In the country and the town
Is exposing saints who live by shedding blood!

Socialists create revulsion,
In the minds of those who drill,
To detest our Christian trade of cutting throats!
Help us, Father, by compulsion
To prepare these boys to kill
In our Army and upon our Murder-boats!

O! vouchsafe Divine assistance
To control those sinful boys,
To become the docile servants of the Trust!

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O! transform their vile resistance
Into willingness and joy
To convert Thy children's bodies into dust!

Friend of publicans and sinners!
Make these sinful conscripts feel,
When in battle with their bayonets they prod
And kill other forced beginners
With the sacred icy steel,
That they're murdering for War Trust and for God!

Let our British Empire flourish
Like the ever-verdant bay:
It produces men, like me, of priceless worth!
Let all other nations perish,
Or be subject to our sway,
Make our gracious Monarch Ruler of the earth!

Grant, O Father, our petition,
Make unruly conscripts tame!
Make them murder and destroy at our command,
Or, revive the Inquisition,
With its holy rack and flame,
That our Murder Trust may prosper in the land!

O, esteem me not presumpt'ous,
Gracious Father, now, I pray,
If I criticise the wisdom of Thy word,
And consider me not bumptious,
Great Creator, when I say,
Thy commandmant "Thou shalt NOT kill" is absurd.

O! forgive Great God, All-knowing,
Thy vile servant, when I state
My contempt for Thy commandments uncon-cealed!
And "Thou shalt not steal" is growing
Obsolete and out of date!
Both those senseless statutes ought to be repealed!

Those commandments should be ended,
Great Jehovah, Pure and Just,
In the Decalogue they're stupid Braddon Blots!
They, at least, should be amended
To placate the Murder Trust
By exercising those obnoxious little "nots"!!

O, consider my position
As a member of Thy church,
At my piety the Socialists have jokes!
They, with sinful repetition,
My consistency besmirch!
I beseech Thee have those statutes both revoked!

Thou wilt see upon reflection,
(Tho' Thou didst Thy very best),
The defects in those Commandments Thou hast made!
If we lived by Thy direction
Krupp's and Maxim's "hands" would rest,
For they couldn't carry on the Murder Trade!

O, consider now, I bid, O
Do consider, Greatest Lord,
Ev'ry orphan who derives, from war, a crust!
And remember each poor widow
Who invests her scanty hoard
In the gory shares of Maxim and the Trust!

Help us, Father, by approval
Of our military laws:
Bless the Navy and the Army we shall raise!
Grant us license, by removal
Of these socialistic flaws,
In Thy edicts, and we'll give Thee all the praise! (Applause.)

Chairman:
Tho' the member has been straying
From the subject of debate,
I could scarcely ample latitude deny,
Or restrain his fervent praying,
But the time is growing late,
So I call upon the mover to reply!

Labor Party Jingo:
I must gather figs from thistles—
Garner luscious grapes from thorns,—
(If my figurative language you'll allow),
Make a silken rope from bristles
To entangle round the horns
Of my socialist opponent's poley cow! (Laughter.)

My opponent has contended
That no Christian ever slays,
That our daughters shouldn't fight where bullets whirl,
That all warfare should be ended,
But it's rightful when it pays!
And it's grand to be a Christian soldier-girl! (Dissent.)

As the time is quickly fleeting
And the dawn is not remote,
I curtail my few remarks—
The Bloke:
Oh don't: you'll bust! (Laughter.)
Labor Jingo:
I will not detain the meeting,
But I hope that when you vote
You'll adopt the motion and assist the Trust!

Division taken, motion lost.

o o o

Chairman:
Well, the meeting has decided
By a hundred votes to three
Fisher's curse on Austral girls shan't be imposed:
And the motion is derided
With your verdict I agree:
And I now declare this lengthy meeting closed! (Great cheering.)

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.
General Secretary: J. W. ROCHE.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

The Administrative Council will meet at Headquarters on Sat. Oct. 17. All delegates are urged to attend.

J. W. ROCHE.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Active propaganda work was carried on during the past week. On Saturday evening a largely attended meeting was held in Liverpool-St., when our speakers met with considerable hostility from a section of the crowd. On Sunday afternoon our speakers addressed a very large crowd in the Domain and a good deal of literature was disposed of. Meetings in Park and Market-Sts., on Sunday evening were well attended. Comrade Balkin lectured in the hall (369 Pitt-St.) on Sunday evening. His subject was the teaching of Sex Hygiene in Public Schools. The lecturer emphasised the social importance of knowledge on this subject and a candid discussion followed.

The usual weekly dance will be held on Friday next. A speaker for next Sunday nights indoor meeting will be arranged for during the week and on the following Sunday (October 25.) the lecturer will be Professor Atkinson of Sydney University. Subject: The Economic Theories of Karl Marx.

DON'T forget the dance on Friday night.

D. H. Acting Sec.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

Despite the many counter attractions in the way of meetings held upon the Yarra Bank on Sunday afternoon, none of the meetings, religious or otherwise, boasted anything like the attendance, as did our branch meeting. Anarchists, freak socialists and religious ranters either talked to the wind, or to a few of their faithful but misinformed followers.

Upon the other hand (and despite the fact that only two of our branch speakers put in an appearance) the audience which assembled where flies our branch banner continued to grow in numbers until there must have been almost 1000 men and women present, who listened attentively throughout, and many of whom plied the last speaker after he had finished with questions.

The wowsers who, for many Sundays, saw fit to plant their platform next our meeting, and sing about blood-baths and mansions in the skies have at last taken up a stand beyond the reach of the voices of our speakers, and it is said they have done so because of the trenchant criticism by some of our speakers of their book of fairy tales, called Holy Writ. Anyhow the attendance at their meeting continues to dwindle.

The evening meeting was also a huge success, when the Rev. J. B. Ronald spoke on justice, dealing principally with his recent legal fight with the saintly Harper, and giving his hearers an excellent insight into the corruption of capitalist courts and the one-sidedness of capitalist law.

The midday Newport meeting, held on Fridays, lapsed during the week on account of the uncertainty of the weather, but in future the meeting will be continued as long as it is possible to arrange for a speaker to make the journey, weather, etc., permitting.

Comrades interested in the progress of our branch are requested to note that at a specially summoned meeting held on Monday evening, it was decided to make a special effort to secure a small printing press capable of printing leaflets, manifestos, and bills. A committee of seven has been duly elected and all who can afford to aid with cash are requested to hand same to Comrade W. Anderson.

J. R. WILSON,
A.S.P. Hall, 47 Victoria St.,
Melbourne.

BRISBANE.

Queensland's quota for the human slaughter-house left for Europe a few days ago. Previous to leaving, they had paraded the city in order to stir up the war spirit within the breasts of those who remained. The military authorities understand the value of the spectacular, and its influence on the mugs. Recruiting for the second batch has commenced. Candidates for extinction are not presenting themselves in overflowing numbers, which is a hopeful sign of an awakening intelligence.

Meetings continue to be held in Market Square on Friday and Saturday evenings. Occasionally a few beer primed patriots gather around and butt in. One guy last Friday night called for three cheers for the King. Not a soul responded. The disappointed patriot adjourned to the nearby hotel, taking solace in the cup that cheers and inebriates. On Sunday, Oct. 11th, we hope to have a joint picnic along with the Russian, Polish and Jewish Associations. All comrades are asked to roll up and make this picnic a success.

At the branch meeting, held on Monday evening, September 28th, it was decided to strike a levy of sixpence per week per member for three months for organisation purposes. Comrades in the country please note.

The class war is still being waged, although were we to listen to our Labor misleaders, the international war of the workers automatically ceases when the capitalists fall out among themselves. What a piece of work is man! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable, etc., etc. And we may add what a dashed fool and arrant ass in the bargain. Here we have a huge army of workers being exploited in the several countries of the earth. Exploitation is robbery. The exploited becoming aware of the robbery make an effort to link up in order to put an end to the vile business. The capitalist thieves, mindful that solidarity of their victims spells disaster, suddenly take to belaboring one another. A peculiar proceeding and yet justified by results. The fool workers forget their slavery and immediately take sides. Some upholding and supporting this thief, some the other. Then commences the human slaughter. Meanwhile the capitalists withdraw to a safe distance in order to draw up plans for future exploitation. Verily, O worker, thy name is Mug. However, it's a darned mulish army of Mugs that hasn't got some exceptions. There are a few who see through the game. That few here in Brisbane "ain't 'aving any" of the Labor dope which would enthuse the Mugs to the necessity of helping Russia establish the era of universal peace and happiness. Last Sunday a number gathered together in our Hall to listen to Comrade Sergaeff—a Russian exile—tell the story of our (?) ally. Although handicapped a little by his enunciation, which, when one considers the short time our comrade has been in Australia is very fair. Comrade Sergaeff's lecture was much appreciated. He dealt with the underlying economic causes of Russia's part in the war, and aided considerably in clearing away the mists which had heretofore made vague and indistinct Russia's intentions.

Comrades of Brisbane and district are urged to attend the annual river picnic on Sunday, Oct. 25th. We leave Edward St. Wharf at 10 p.m. by motor-boat "Beryl."

GORDON BROWNE, Sec.

Newtown Branch.—Rooms 11 Enmore-Rd., Newtown. Propaganda meetings: Friday evenings, Johnstone-St., Leichhardt. Saturday and Sunday evenings, Newtown Bridge.

Ray Everitt, Secretary.

Australasian Socialist Party.

2 Principles and Policy.

1. Objective.

The Social ownership with Democratic control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

2. Statement of Principles.

The present form of Society rests on private ownership of the land and the machinery (tools) of production.

The owners of most of the land and machinery of production constitute what is economically known as the capitalist class. Hence the use of the term, "The capitalist form of society."

This form of ownership divides society in all countries into two distinct and opposing classes—the capitalist class and the working class.

The working class produces all the wealth that sustains society, while it is held in complete economic and industrial subjection to the capitalist class, which lives on the wealth produced by the working class.

To enable the working class to wage the class war, it must be fully conscious of the wrongs inflicted upon the workers by the capitalist class; and it must organise industrially to voice its wrongs and assert its claims. Then it will be prepared for political action to overthrow the usurping class and to abolish classes for ever.

The deaths by starvation, the millions of unemployed, the excessive toil for bare subsistence, the poverty, crime and consequent misery, are all the direct outcome of domination by the ruling class. That class must go.

The Australasian Socialist Party demands common ownership of all agencies of wealth production by the people themselves and the control of all industrial affairs on the basis of social equality.

The workers of Australasia must, without delay, take up their position along with the organised, class-conscious workers of all other countries. There is no escape from the thraldom of capitalism short of its complete overthrow, and this can only be achieved by the class-conscious industrial and political organisation of the working class.

The Australasian Socialist Party, therefore, calls upon all workers to forthwith identify themselves with the existing A.S.P Branches in their respective States, and to work unceasingly for the complete overthrow of the capitalist system, and for the emancipation of their class from wage slavery.

3. Guiding Rule.

The Australasian Socialist Party shall on all political and industrial legislation make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will the proposal advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will, the Australasian Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Australasian Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

4. As to Palliatives.

Whereas the advocacy of political palliatives (so-called) tends to obscure the working class objective of emancipation from wage slavery, and thus causes the workers to expend time and effort to little purpose; and

Whereas political palliatives (so-called) as adopted by legislatures have rarely proved efficacious, and have usually created the need for further legislative restrictions, and therefore kept working class action circular instead of straight; and

Whereas political palliatives even if desirable are best obtained by educating and organising for basic ends, inasmuch as sops have ever been conceded when something more fundamental is the demand; be it

Resolved that the Australasian Socialist Party declares against a programme of palliatives, and urges the workers to concentrate their energies upon abolishing capitalism by perfecting their industrial organisations and only using the ballot for Socialist propaganda.

5. As to Political Action.

No member of the A.S.P. shall stand as other than the candidate of the A.S.P., or support other than the candidate of a Revolutionary Socialist Party for Parliamentary or municipal office. A Revolutionary Socialist Party shall be any party which bases its Propaganda on the recognition of the class struggle, and declares for the collective ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, and has no programmes of Palliatives.

No member or branch of the A.S.P. shall enter into any alliance temporary or permanent with any other than a Revolutionary Socialist Party. Socialist candidates shall be selected by the branches concerned, and where no branch exists by the Administrative Council, and before running be endorsed by the National Executive, to which the candidate shall pledge himself to advocate and support the principles and policy of the A.S.P.

Before entering upon a compaign a candidate shall hand to his Branch a written resignation to be read in the event of him swerving from the A.S.P. Policy.

A candidate must be a member of the A.S.P. and shall also have been for twelve months a member of the A.S.P. or another organisation affiliated with the International Socialist Bureau.

6. As to Unionism.

The A.S.P. aims and declares for Industrial Unionism as against craft or sectional unionism, for whereas the specialisation of the processes of production, the invention of machinery, and the concentration of ownership into fewer and fewer hands, makes craft unionism unable to cope with this economic development, and ever growing power of the employing class, because it is a relic of a lower stage in the evolution of captalist production,i.e., the organised labor expressions of lower forms of tools, the A.S.P. therefore declares that to-day this organisation has outlived its usefulness, and has created crafts and sections amongst the working class in the same industry, and this contradiction in industrial development allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set in the same indusry, and industry against industry, thereby defeating one another when waging war against the encroachments of the capitalist class, with their superior and higher developed organisations. And in view of this economic development the working class must organise in such a manner as will correspond to the development of the tools of production. This, then, makes it imperative that industrial organisation on right lines must be so constituted that all but technical distinctions between crafts and callings must be eliminated and sectionalism abolished. The A.S.P. therefore affirms that industrial unionism in contradistinction to craft unionism is that form of organisation which is based upon the recognition of the class struggle, and through which all its members in one industry or in all industries, if necessary, can act as a unit and adopt such methods by which the might and power of the working class can be best exercised and demonstrated.

The A.S.P. affirms its pronounced and mature conviction that Compulsory Arbitration, Wages Boards, the New Protection, and the like, as manifested in slightly-differing enactments in the Australian States and New Zealand, have not been advantageous to the working class.

7. As to Compensation.

The Australasian Socialist Party vehemently protests against the working class being misled by the Labor or other parties into the belief that it is possible to socialize the instruments of production by a gigantic scheme of 'buying out," or compensation to the possessing class, and warns the workers against endorsing such a utopian, immoral, and impracticable plan.

8. As to Militarism.

The A.S.P. declares itself uncompromisingly hostile to all forms of armaments and militarism, recognising that whilst the present class State exists the armed forces will be used to buttress up capitalism, and to hold down the workers. The A.S.P. further recognises that the energies of the working class can be better utilised in building up their industrial and political organizations, which shall finally render war impossible, as such organisations by international affiliation and alliances between the working classes of all nations are at present the chief guarantee of the peace of the world.

9. As to Schools.

In declaring the need for Socialist Schools, the A.S.P. urges that same be established whenever and wherever the circumstances permit.

10. As to Historical Materialism.

The A.S.P. pledges itself to the materialistic interpretation of history, which asserts that the transition from one system of society to another, as in the past, from primitive communism to chattel slavery, from chattel slaver to feudalism, and from feudalism to the present Capitalist State, has been the result of new and improved methods of production, and the time has now arrived when the present scientific tools of production, by being socially owned would make possible the establishment of the Socialist Republic.

11. As to Education.

The A.S.P. declares for and supports the principle of Secular Education in State Schools; and against subsidising denominational schools; and further holds that as religion is entirely a personal matter, and as State schools are composed of scholars of different religious beliefs the introduction of religious teaching can only result in fostering religious bigotry, and is a waste of valuable time.

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